



"BEHOLD I BRING YOU GLAD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY."

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RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

TERMS.—The Work is issued every Saturday in both the pamphlet and news-paper forms. The pamphlet form is paged and folded for binding; making sixteen large octavo pages, or 832 pages in a year, with an index at the close: and as hitherto, it is exclusively religious. It is suited to the wishes of those who have the past volumes, and who may wish to preserve a uniform series of the work; and also of those who, while they have other papers of secular intelligence, wish for one exclusively religious for Sabbath reading. The news-paper form contains one page of additional space, which is filled with a condensed summary of all the political and secular intelligence worth recording. It is designed especially to accommodate such families as find it inconvenient to take more than one Paper; and yet who feel an interest, as they should, in whatever concerns the Christian and Patriot. Subscribers have the privilege of taking which form they please.

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RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

NEW-HAVEN, AUGUST 13, 1836.

For the Intelligencer.

TOUR IN SWITZERLAND.

LETTER XIII.

Passage of the Grande Scheideck:—Cascade of the Seilbach:—Valley of Meyringen:—Fall of the Reichenbach:—Tracht:—tieissbach.

We left the comfortable hotel at *Grendelwald* the next morning at half past six. The sky was again unshaded by a cloud, and the white tops of the high peaks of *Grindelwald* shone forth in all their splendor, with no mist or vapor to dim their brightness. The month of June is generally considered too early in the season for traveling in the mountainous parts of Switzerland. But our experience was to the contrary. Certainly no part of the season could be more favorable than when we visited them. The temperature was always high; at no time and in no place too low for comfort. The snow on the mountain-passes had disappeared, with one or two trivial exceptions. The fields were garnished with flowers, exceeding

in number, variety, and richness of hue, any thing of the kind I had ever seen. The season was indeed sufficiently adorned in every conceivable respect. And in many points of view the middle of June has decidedly the preference over a later part of the season. The number of travelers is less; and one is more sure of obtaining accommodations at the inns, as also timely conveyances and guides. The cascades are more numerous and more beautiful than in a drier part of the year; and the falling of avalanches is altogether more frequent. The weather too is generally settled and clear. For several weeks we were scarcely incommoded in the least by rain or a cloudy atmosphere. But fashion has fixed the traveling season later in the year, and her edicts will probably still govern the multitude of tourists.

As we passed out of the low valley of *Grindelwald*, we obtained a glimpse of the *Feinsteraarhorn*, which yields in height only to *Mont Blanc* and *Monte Rosa* of all the European mountains. It rises 13,224 feet above the sea. The *Grand Eiger* and the *Wetterhorn* lift their snow-crowned heads on either side appearing from their greater nearness to soar still higher than the other, although in reality of one or two thousand feet less elevation.

We turned aside for a moment to the little church of the valley to look at a sad memorial of the dangers to which eager curiosity sometimes exposes the traveler in these interesting regions. A neat but simple monument is erected to the memory of M. Marron, a Swiss protestant clergyman, who fell a victim to the eagerness and intrepidity of youth and the excitement produced by the wonderful works of nature, in 1821. He was exploring the little glacier of *Grindelwald*, and in an unguarded moment slid into one of the deep fissures of the glacier, from which he was not extricated till 12 days after.

An hour's walk brought us to the great glacier of *Grindelwald*. At its termination it presents a front of, say 150 yards, rising rather abruptly from the bottom. From underneath bursts the rapid torrent of *Lutschen noir*. The crevices are numerous and deep. Some of them are 20 or thirty feet wide at the top. It extends up the valley between the *Mittenberg* on the west and the *Wetterberg* on the east. We felt little disposed to traverse it after the affecting warning, which we had just before received. Yet the temptation is great; the sight is worth a slight exposure. Those immense seas, or rather rivers of ice, broken into short but high waves, that seemingly have been frozen while "pausing on the curl," extending many miles up the mountains, and of some hundreds of yards in breadth, with their narrow openings which reach down to the roaring torrent, a hundred feet or more below, reflecting from their sides bright hues ever varying, may well throw admiring visitors off their guard, and tempt them beyond the line of safety.

Leaving the glacier, we prosecuted our course up the grand *Scheiseck of Hasli* on our way to the valley of *Meyringen*. Our path was still only a narrow foot path.—After ascending about three miles, we attained by a very rapid ascent, the ridge of a prominent elevation, which

commanded a superb view of the valley of Grindelwald with its mountainous walls. The valley itself, clothed with its two hundred low, brown cottages, and its thousand rude chalets, and beautifully ornamented with trees, lay at the bottom of the picture, traversed, its whole length, by the dark *Lutschen*. Beyond rose by a gentle ascent the *Wengern Alp* which we ascended the day before, covered with pasturages intermixed with green forests of firs. At the left sprang the *Grand Eiger*, rising by terraces covered with snow to a sharp cornered peak of rock. Nearer on the same side came its twin brother, the *Wetterhorn*, with the less pretension *Mettenberg* between them. And directly on our side, as we stood facing the valley, rose the black, naked peak of the *Wettenberg*, showing an almost smooth, perpendicular face of rock reaching to the skies, without a solitary tree or shrub or plant to soften its harsh aspect.

Two miles further brought us to the summit. Here nothing of particular interest discovered itself save the majestic *Wetterhorn* looking directly down upon us from his high elevation, and another bleak, rugged peak, destitute of verdure, a little to the east.

Our descent was rapid, but abundant in interesting objects. Our course lay down a deep ravine, bordered by steep piles of rock, which threatened every moment to block up the ravine with mountains of snow, immense heaps of which lay piled up on terraces thousands of feet above us, and which constantly filled the valley with the thunder of its avalanches. The verdant ravine itself was connected with these rocky peaks by gentle declivities, sometimes covered with deposits of snow sent down from the heights above, sometime presenting only a bare ledge of rock, and sometimes covered with firs and plane trees. We stopped but for a moment to see the glacier of the *Schwarzwald*, which we left on our right. A little farther down we came to a spot singularly wild and beautiful; the little glen in which are situated the baths of *Rosenlai*. Two small cottages and an inn are the only habitations that this solitary retreat contains. The waters are sulphurous and the place is somewhat frequented for the use of the springs, but more, I should imagine, for the enjoyment of the sublime scenery in their vicinity. A little above the dwellings, is the cascade of *Rozerlani*;—a sheet of foam descending about 150 feet. Opposite, on the other side of the main valley, is seen the glacier of *Rozerlani*. The valley, if valley it may be called, whose pretensions to the name are, that it lies a soft bed of green, low between two mountain chains, whose sides are perpendicular walls of rock, and whose tops are covered with perpetual snow, itself uneven, in many places of steep descent, no where level, now became more compressed and narrow and wild. At the foot of one of its mountain sides, was heard the furious *Reichenbach*, which “obliged to struggle continually against the rocks that block its bed, and to make repeated falls, appears to be exercising its forces for the gigantic leap with which it precipitates itself from the last steps of rocks in the delightful valley of *Meyringen*. One participates in its impatience, and although the path becomes continually more rapid and rough, one hastens to issue from this defile in order to enjoy the enchanting landscape which is soon to display itself.” So far the oracular guide of Switzerland. But impatient as we might have been, we were quite willing to be detained by several objects which soon arrested our attention. The first was the frightful mass of ruins caused by the fall of the *Luihorn* in 1792. Nearly the whole mountain, by some unknown cause disengaged from its supports, came tumbling down into the valley, spreading it entirely over with its ruins and carrying with it awful desolations. Four human lives were destroyed in this tremendous catastrophe. Such a frightful scene as this might well excite a momentary feeling of apprehension in the mind of the traveler, especially as he looks upon the lofty rocks, that on either side hang over his head, and hears the incessant roar of falling avalan-

ches. And all at such a scene must be compelled to confess that “terrible indeed is nature’s God.” Almost directly opposite this terrific “chaos of debris,” is the beautiful cascade of the *Seilibach*. The whole descent of the stream is nine hundred feet. By the momentum gained by a slight previous fall, it throws itself some distance over the verge of the precipice in a solid mass; then it whitens and spreads till, about half way down, it becomes attenuated almost to invisible spray. Here it collects itself on a shelving rock, along which it runs a few feet, acquires a new impulse and again leaps from the rock, again to spread and lose itself in mist and again to be collected in its narrow bed at the bottom of the mountain. There are other waterfalls in Switzerland more grand, whose quantity of water is greater, which are surrounded by more interesting scenery, but none which can equal this in intrinsic beauty. The great height of the fall, the first graceful leap over the summit of the rock, the gradual whitening and spreading of the column of water, its disappearance and gradual re-assemblage of its scattered waters, and then its second leap, and dissipation and re-appearance, altogether, gave it unequalled charms. Immediately after leaving this beautiful cascade, we rounded a small hill, and then passing to its brow, we had opened to us a scene to which, perhaps, the earth cannot afford an equal. Certainly none in Switzerland, that grand focus of natural beauties, can approach it in comparison. It was the lovely valley of *Meyringen* robed in its brightest beauty. Unfortunate it is for the describer, that transcendent beauty depends not so much upon the singularity of its elements as upon the peculiarity of their combination. For then, to convey a perfect and exact idea of it to other minds, it would be necessary only to enumerate its various ingredients. This were an easy task; and unhappily this is about all that the most graphic pen can do. Hence with him to describe is to degrade; for it is to reduce to the common rank of beautiful objects possessing the same general features. If he attempt more than this, he is confined to terms so loose, so general, so indefinite, that the coloring of the picture will depend more on his reader’s fancy than on his own power and success as a painter; and thus he equally sacrifices all peculiarity and identity. Too truly may it be said of the loveliness of *Meyringen*,

“Ah! that such beauty, varying in the light
Of living nature, cannot be pourtrayed
By words, nor by the pencil’s silent skill;
But is the property of him alone
Who hath beheld it, noted it with care,
And in his mind recorded it with love.”

But I must just mention some of the prominent features of the landscape, though at the peril of lowering and obscuring, instead of exalting and defining any notions of its beauty. As we sat upon the green brow of the eminence I have before mentioned, the mountain of *Hasliberg* rose in full view directly opposite on the farther side of the valley, of gradual ascent and covered with verdure to its summit. Down its side, over precipices that seemed purposely formed to give variety to the picture, and strikingly contrasting with the prevailing gentleness of the ascent, were falling three small mountain streams in as many beautiful cascades. Directly a tour feet, lay the soft quiet valley of *Meyringen*, furrowed by the azure *Aar*, with its rich cultured fields, its meadows, gardens, groves, chalets, cottages, and rustic church. To the right rose the high, rugged, snow-crested peaks which bound the southern extremity of the valley. To the left, the valley extended beyond some mountainous projections where the *Aar* discharges itself into the Lake of *Brienz*, from our view. These are the elements of the landscape that lay spread out before us. To this enumeration, which resembles more a dry table of statistics than a living picture of the reality, must be added, a transparent sky, a western sun-light falling softly yet brightly on the objects before us, and the freshness of spring spread over the verdure.

The roar of the *Reichenbach* by our side for a long time called in vain; but the decline of day finally forced us to break away from the charms of this earthly paradise; and we then hastened to visit that much admired waterfall. We came to the first fall, for there are several, after descending from the elevation we had occupied, turning to the left and then ascending a little eminence. The stream here flows down in a single perpendicular sheet, or rather in a multitude of *fleeces* of water and foam, 200 feet, projecting the spray to a great distance around. Below, the stream forms a succession of smaller cascades, —all in extremely romantic situations. Generally they fall into a deep abyss which is walled up on both sides by perpendicular rocks reaching to the top of the falls. After taking some refreshment at the inn delightfully situated on the west side of the Aar, commanding a view of the village of *Meyringen*, and the mountain beyond with its lovely cascades, we resumed our way for *Brientz*. Our course was down the valley along the banks of the Aar. After crossing this river we obtained finer views of the western barrier of the village, surpassing in richness even the eastern. Cascade after cascade was seen tumbling or rather leaping down the mountain, of great beauty. The largest and most beautiful of all was the *Fellerbach*. Towards *Brientz*, the western side of the valley passes into a high, perpendicular wall of rock, with its strata curiously wound round upon themselves in a serpentine form. Near the lake, it becomes less abrupt, yet steep; and down its sides, slides of earth and stone were constantly descending. We arrived at *Tracht*, a village closely adjoining *Brientz*, at the head of the lake, just at sunset. Late as it was, and fatigued as we were with our more than thirty miles walk over a high mountain, beside our many diversions from the direct path, we determined immediately to take a boat and cross the lake to the falls of the *Geissbach*, one of the most celebrated in Switzerland, distant about a couple of miles. This stream falls into the lake by a series of fine cascades, the largest of which is two hundred feet. It shoots over the precipice in masses of foam; a part falls unbroken to the bottom; the rest strikes about half way down, some projecting rocks, scattering far and wide the spray and throwing off the waters in graceful curves some ways in advance of the other part of the stream. This circumstance gives it its peculiarity and adds inconceivably to its beauty. Above, the stream projects itself over and in front of a grotto extending some eight or ten feet horizontally into the rock, and of sufficient height to admit one standing. Into this grotto we passed, and were there placed between the fall and the mountain. The situation was invested with some degree of terror, especially in the sombre light of that hour, and yet all emotions of fear were lost in those of the wonderful sublimity of the scene; or rather tended to heighten them.

I returned to the Inn at *Tracht*, weary with the day's labor, but grateful to Him who had made the earth to abound with the displays of His power and goodness. O Lord! how wonderful are Thy works! in wisdom hast Thou made them all; the earth is full of Thy riches."—Happy, thrice happy he, who, as he gazes in rapture on the sublime and beautiful objects which to-day had been presented to our view, could truly to them direct

"an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say, 'My Father made them all.'"

DO YOU PAY FOR A RELIGIOUS NEWS-PAPER.

I was going to ask the question in another form. "Do you read a religious newspaper?" but then I reflected that many read a religious newspaper who do not themselves pay for one, they being in the habit of borrowing from their neighbors, after sending and respectfully soliciting the loan of the paper before the family have read it; and not unfrequently keeping it a length of time,

greater than the golden rule will exactly justify. Then I had like to have thrown the question into this shape:

Do you subscribe for a religious newspaper? but it struck me all at once, that some subscribe for a paper, but do not pay for it. I have heard this complaint made, and I have no doubt there is foundation enough for it. I, for my part, would advise such persons to take a moral newspaper, if they can find such a thing. That is the sort of paper they require. A religious paper is quite too far advanced for them. I don't know and cannot conceive why these non-payers want to read a religious newspaper, I should suppose they would be satisfied with a secular newspaper. I can imagine that they may desire, notwithstanding their delinquency, to know what is going on in the world, but why they should care to know how things go in the church, I cannot conjecture. What do those who do not give any thing for value received, want to know about revivals, missions, &c. There are persons who would starve editors, publishers, printers, and paper-makers, the whole concern; into a premature grave: who say, "Send me your paper," implying of course that they will send the money in return, yet never send it; yet they want to know about the progress that is making in converting souls to God, and what is doing among the heathen. Is not this strange, that having never learned as yet to practice the first and easiest lessons of honesty, they should wish to read all about godliness and vital piety? So I concluded to head the article, "Do you pay for a religious newspaper?"

Do you reader? If you do, continue to take and read, and pay for it; and be slow to withdraw your subscription. Give up many things before you give up your religious newspaper. If any one that ought to take such a paper, does not, I hope that some one to whom this circumstance is known, will volunteer the loan of this to him, directing his attention particularly to this article. Who is he? A professor of religion! It cannot be: A professor of religion and not taking a religious newspaper? A member of the visible church, and voluntarily without the means of information as to what is going on in that church! A follower of Christ praying daily, as taught by his Master: "Thy kingdom come," and yet not knowing, nor caring to know, what progress that kingdom is making. Here is one of those to whom Christ said, "Go teach all nations;" he bears a part of the responsibility of the world's conversion, and yet so far from doing any thing himself, he does not even know what others are doing in promoting this great enterprise. Ask him about missionary stations and operations, and he can tell you nothing. He does not read about them. I am afraid this professor of religion does not love "the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob." Ah! he forgets thee, O Jerusalem.

But I must not fail to ask if this person takes a secular newspaper. Oh, certainly he does. He must know what is going on in the world, and how else can he know it? It is pretty clear then that he takes a deeper interest in the world than he does in the church; and this being the case it is not difficult to say where his heart is. He pays perhaps eight or ten dollars for a secular paper—a paper that tells him about the world, but for one that records Zion's conflicts and victories, he is unwilling to pay two or three. How can a professor of religion answer for this discrimination in favor of the world? How defend himself against the charge it involves? He cannot do it, and he had better not try, but go or write immediately and subscribe for some good religious paper; and to be certain of paying for it, let him pay in advance. There is a satisfaction when one is reading an interesting paper, to reflect that it is paid for. But perhaps you take a paper and are in arrears for it. Now suppose you were the publisher, and the publisher was one of your subscribers, and he was in arrears to you, what would you think he ought to do in that case? I just ask the question. I don't care about an answer.—*Nevins*.

YOUTHFUL PIETY.

The last annual Report of the Sabbath School of the United Society in this city, contains the following notices of children connected with that School, who have died during the last year. May the youthful readers of the Intelligencer trust in the same precious Saviour, and do the will of their Father in Heaven, and be prepared to die in peace.

PHILO S. PUNDERSON

Had been a member of the school two years, during one of which he was connected with the infant class. During his connection with the Sabbath-school, he never failed in a single instance to commit his lesson perfectly, except on the Sabbath on which he was attacked with the disease that terminated his life. At that time his eyes pained him so much, he could not study his lesson. This incipient illness, however, did not keep him from the Sabbath-school. He loved to be there; and was, indeed, never absent, unless it was owing to occasional illness, and then he remained away with great reluctance. When compelled to stay at home by indisposition, he uniformly insisted upon learning his lesson and repeating it at home. His disease was rapid in its progress, and very soon assumed an alarming aspect; but during the whole of his sickness, he manifested the greatest patience, and at no time did a murmur escape his lips, although his disease was of the most malignant type. His parents feel that in the Sabbath-school divine truth had been impressed on his mind, and that the divine Spirit had taught him to estimate the value of prayer. For he would often in his sickness repeat a part or the whole of the Lord's prayer—his rapid breathing and the soreness and inflammation of his lungs preventing him sometimes from finishing. He was unable to converse much, and slept most of the time; but he manifested an interest in religious conversation, and always appeared gratified and made an effort to keep awake, when prayers were offered in the room. Having been informed that Mr. K. had called to inquire after him before going to teachers' meeting, and that they would pray for him there; he replied, "O how glad I am that the teachers are to pray for me! I hope Mr. K. will not forget to mention it;" and remarked he should think his teacher would call and see him; not knowing he was out of town. He referred to the fact some hours after, that the teachers would pray for him, with evident satisfaction. When his mother told him that there was no prospect that he would get well, and added, "do you love the Saviour?" he said "yes; and I need not be afraid to die."

EBEN S. BALDWIN,

For some time before his last sickness, exhibited an increasing disposition to do what was right, to speak the exact truth, and to show more affection and obedience. He many times spoke with abhorrence of boys that used bad language, and would willingly give up going to play, if he must meet such. His health was good through the winter, and he could attend the Sabbath-school. He was much attached to his teacher, and would mention it with regret if he was absent from town. The missionary papers given to him were attentively read; and after his death, were all found carefully folded, and laid with his little library. The last Sabbath he went out, he brought home "President Edwards' Seventy good Resolutions," which his teacher had given him. He wished the family to read them, and said, "Are they not good?" He asked to have a cover stitched to them, saying "he intended to keep them as long as he lived." He was sick about six weeks. The latter part of the time he suffered greatly. Still his mind was clear, and his greatest comfort was to have some one read to him. He wished for "true books," and asked for the life of Elijah, and then the life of Daniel—books published by the Sunday-school Union, and which

cannot be too highly valued by parents and children, for the beauty and piety with which they are written. While this little boy lay panting with pain and fever, and racked with a cough, it refreshed and soothed him to hear of the holy character of Daniel, of his fervent prayers, and of the power and goodness of God in preserving him from his enemies. The scripture he had learned in health, seemed now to come to his mind with new power. One night, when he appeared in great pain, his mother repeated to him, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." He immediately added, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven;" and then lay perfectly composed. It was exceedingly painful for him to take medicine, as the effort excited his cough; but if told "it would please God—it would show obedience to Jesus Christ," it would influence him at once. He was ready to pray, and to hear prayer; and his last broken petitions, the morning before his death, were, that God would "forgive him," and "bless him, and take care of him, for Christ's sake."

LOUISA F. PUNDERSON

Was a member of the Sabbath-school three years. She was a child of promise, amiable and affectionate in her disposition. Her happiness consisted in making those about her happy. The testimony of her friends is that she was uniformly obedient and cheerful; and her conduct in the Sabbath-school, though only six years of age, was an example of punctuality and attention. Though living remote from the church, she was usually one of the first in her seat; and was unwilling to remain at home, even in cold and unpleasant weather. She loved the Bible. On being presented with one from her grandmother, she commenced reading it in course, and had made considerable progress when her sixth birth day arrived. She then resolved to begin it again, saying she thought she should understand it better. It was her invariable practice, to read the Scriptures every morning—and this when in perfect health; for she was never sick until her last illness, which was very severe. And on her bed of suffering, she manifested her love for the word of inspiration. Often did she request passages to be read and repeated; and this with the memoirs of pious children, and the little volume entitled "How to be happy," would soothe, tranquilize, and cause her almost to forget her pains. When friends prayed for her, she was pleased, and manifested a thoughtful frame of mind. She often requested her mother to repeat hymns, and once, on repeating the words of our Saviour, "Suffer little children to come unto me," Louisa replied, with a very sweet smile, "O, it is very easy, mother." We hope she found it easy truly to come to the Saviour. The mother of Louisa says, "She was often a reproof to us; for when we were weeping about her bed, and often in the silence of the night, her voice was heard in prayer—often repeating the Lord's prayer, with much fervor and simplicity." On being asked if she was willing to die, she replied, "Yes, and willing to live too." This answer was truly characteristic of Louisa.

The Missionary Association in this Sabbath-school have, during the past year, sent the sum of \$90 to the Rev. Mr. Stevens in China; \$63.24 to Ceylon, of which \$43.24 were for the support of New Haven school, and \$20 for the support of a little girl to be called Mary Austin; \$60 to Mr. Joseph Fowler, to be expended in the cause of Sabbath-schools in Ohio; and \$50 remain in the treasury, ready to be sent to Indiana for the same purpose—making a total of \$263.14.

A little girl was asked if she had a crown of gold, what she would do with it. "O," said she, "I would do as the children do in heaven, *take it and lay it down at the feet of Jesus.*"

1861

Youthful reader! God has given you something more precious than a crown of gold, which you can lay down at the feet of Jesus,—something that will please him better than it would, were you to lay at his feet a thousand crowns of gold. Can you tell what that precious something is? Will you not take it and now cast it down at your Saviour's feet.

TO PARENTS.

Fathers and mothers, you stand at the fountain; with the lightest trace of your finger on the yielding soil, you can give a direction to the infant stream; you can send it gliding down through verdant fields and flowery lawns, imparting new fertility and beauty, and anon contributing its strength to propel the complicated machinery of industry; or you can send it dashing and foaming over precipices, to join with other impetuous, headlong streams, carrying devastation in their course; or you can suffer it to roll its sluggish way into some stagnant pool, affording a refuge for loathsome reptiles, and poisoning the atmosphere with its pestilential vapors. In infancy and at home, the deepest and most lasting impressions are made; your children may have able and faithful instructors, but there are many lessons of practical wisdom which are not taught in the schools. The mind of your child is constantly busy—he will be learning a lesson of you when you least think of it. To your child your remark is wisdom; your observation, experience; your opinion, sound doctrine, and your word, a law. Your child is learning a lesson from every look and action—but most of all, your example is educating your child.—It is a book constantly open before him, and which he is constantly studying. Be careful, anxious father, fond mother, that you insert no page which hereafter you may wish to tear, no line you may wish to blot; be careful that you admit into that much read volume no sentiment which you are unwilling your child should transcribe on the fair tablet within his own innocent bosom.

The great secret of happiness consists in never suffering the energies to stagnate. If you can accustom your children to patient and cheerful labor, you have secured for them the means of happiness and independence.

THE MATERNAL PRAYER MEETING.

BY WM. B. TAPPAN.

They've met, thou seest, this is where
They always love to meet;
The chosen room, well known to prayer,
The Mother's mercy seat;
They've met—in beauteous eyes, the tear
Of stirring thought is dim;
Nor each, this hour, her sweet ones here,
Leads up in prayer to Him.

Is't not a holy place?—look round—
Unto these bosoms given,
Are hopes not by the wide world bound,
They look away to heaven;
And think not heaven, as side by side,
Are child and mother bowed—
Between itself and this deep tide
Of prayer, hath flung a cloud.

Oh no! if ever broken speech
May audience find above,
'Tis when a mother's heart would reach
Down blessings for its love;
And though in tears each suppliant long
May linger near the throne,
She knows that here the faith is strong
That is so faint alone.

And firm the faltering step, for then
The altar-place is trod;
And rises timid woman, when
She gives her child to God;

Yet not for self is given the sigh,
The earnest tear is shed;
But that rich mercies from on high
May fall upon his head.

Oh woman! to whose forming touch
Is given the plastic mind,
Thou need'st the frequent prayer, for much
Hath heaven to thee consigned;
Still in thy weakness there is power
Before thy King to stand;
With him there is a hearing hour,
A sceptre in his hand.

'Tis wise, while fountains fail below,
To lead those thou dost love,
Unto the streams that brightly flow
In fairer worlds above;
To furnish, ere 'tis thine to fall,
Those dear ones for the strife;
And oh, to see them peril all
For crowns of endless life.

HINTS TO TEACHERS.

John Albert James was one of the most celebrated critics, and one of the most devoted Christians of Germany. As an instructor of youth he was greatly successful.—Among his papers were found the following fragments, which admit us at once into the secret of his usefulness. They are unfinished, and somewhat incoherent, but very easily understood.

Prayer and thanksgiving. Self-Examination. Diligence.

Zeal for the proficiency of my pupils.

Wise economy, especially in the purchase of books.

Moderation. Mildness.

Looking to God, during my labors.

Careful attention to my slightest thoughts and propensities: as well those which arise spontaneously, as those which are excited by outward impressions.

Care to exhibit always an edifying example.

Reading of sacred scriptures; composition of hymns.

Attention to health, especially with respect to the eye.

Devotion in prayer.

Vigilance as to the devices of Satan.

Suitable employment of holidays.

Letter-writing during hours of recess.

Seasonable repose. Early rising.

Avoid being distracted by citation of other books from the principal study in hand.

Think much; write little.

Let trifles pass.

Note down good thoughts in a book always at hand for that purpose.

Take every occasion to interpose useful remarks.

Mark good passages which occur in reading, and afterwards extract and copy them.

Circumspection as to outward demeanor.

Frequent revision of these and similar maxims.

Increased attention to the preached word, and application of what is heard.

Resistance of sudden temptations.

Never defer to another time what may as well be done now.

WOMAN'S KINDNESS.

Mr. Flexible Grummet, M. P., who writes "Leaves from my Log Book," for the London United Service Journal, and whose narratives have the air of authenticity much more than his name, relates the following incident which occurred while he was passing through a small village near Rochefort, France, as a prisoner, under a military escort.

I had obtained a fresh supply of canvas for my feet,

which were much blistered and extremely sore : but this was soon worn out, and I suffered dreadfully.—About noon we halted in the market-place of a small town, bearing every mark of antiquity, (I think it was Melle,) to rest and refresh. To escape the sun I took my seat on an old tea-chest, standing in front of a huckster's shop, and removed my tattered moccasins. Whilst doing this an elderly woman came out of the shop, accompanied by a young girl, very prettily dressed, and 'Pauvre garçon !' —'Pauvre prisonier !' were uttered by both. The girl, with tears in her eyes, looked at my lacerated feet, and then without saying a word, returned to the house. In a few minutes she re-appeared, but her finery had been taken off, and she carried a large bowl of warm water in her hands. In a moment the bowl was placed before me, she motioned me to put in my feet, which I did, and down she went upon her knees and washed them in the most tender manner. Oh ! what a luxury was that half hour ! The elder female brought me food, whilst the younger, having performed her office, wrapped up my feet in soft linen, and then fitted on a pair of her mother's shoes.

A STORY FOR FATHERS.

The following facts were related, in my hearing, by a man of color from one of the southern states. This man has, by some means, purchased his own freedom and that of his wife ; but his children, several of them, have been taken away from him, and sold, he knows not where. He proves himself to the satisfaction of all who have intercourse with him, to be a humble disciple of Jesus. I will give the facts, as nearly as possible in his own words :

I had a little boy, about eleven years old. One night as he came home, he said to me, 'Father, the constable has been measuring me to-day.' 'Measuring you,' said I, 'what does that mean ?' 'don't know,' said he. 'He measured me about my body, and then he measured how high I was. I am afraid, father, they are going to sell me.' 'I tried,' said the poor father, not to think of it—but the next morning, soon after I went to my work, a little boy came running to me, crying out, 'John is gone, yonder they are taking him off now.' I went after them, and when I came near my dear babe reached out his hands to me, and said, 'Father, I'm gone—can't you do something for me.' At this, the man who was taking him away gave him a kick, and kicked him along the road, and I have not seen my dear child or heard of him, from that day to this. I could do nothing to help him. It hurts me to think of it.' Here he wept.—Never in my life has my heart been so agonized at any deed of man, as when I heard this grey-headed father give this simple relation. 'I had a daughter also,' said the poor old woman, 'who was married, and had one child. One day a carriage drove up to the door, and took her in with her child, and carried them on board a vessel then lying at the wharf, about to sail.—As soon as I heard of it, I went after them.—When I went to go on board they pushed me back but some one standing by said, 'that's too bad—let the old man see his daughter.' I then went on board, and my poor child threw her arms about my neck, and said, 'Father, I'm gone.' Here the old man's sobs prevented his utterance, but he recovered himself sufficiently to say, 'I have not seen or heard of my child since. Her husband heard of it, and went to the vessel, but they drew a dirk upon him, and would not allow him to go on board.' 'Oh,' said the old man, as the tears streamed from his eyes, 'it hurts me, every time I think of it.' Probably it would hurt a slaveholder to suffer such wrongs, and the best of them could be no more injured by them than this poor disciple of Christ. This man has, (if I recollect the number,) six children sold into hopeless servitude, he knows not where. Three remained with him, and these, some months ago, were bought up by a notorious firm of slave-dealers, and shipped for the southern market. Here the old man felt that he had

lost his all; and the distress of his wife, 'who wept,' to use his language, 'as though her heart would burst, drove him with great reluctance, after endeavoring to put his trust in God, to state his case to some pious friends, and ask if something could not be done for him. A minister of the gospel, who was affected to tears at the old man's recital, went to the slave dealers and interceded for him. They at length consented, that if the poor father himself could raise the money in one week, (amounting to considerable more than two thousand dollars,) he might have his own children, i. e. the ones last taken away. Perhaps they considered the question settled, as they would consent to no other conditions, and regarded it as impossible for the father to do as they proposed. He lifted his cries to God, however, and they were heard, and friends raised up, who gave him some few hundred dollars, and at length made him a loan of what remained, amounting to eighteen hundred, on condition that it should be paid in two years. If at that time it remains unpaid, the children are to be sold to pay it. The poor father is now with much disidence, and great embarrassment, stating his case to the pious and benevolent, and asking their aid, that his children may not again be sold into bondage. If any heart is opened by this statement to do any thing for him, information can be obtained respecting him at the Anti-Slavery Office, in this city, or by addressing a line to the writer of this.—*Rev. Cha's Fitch's 4th of July Address, in Pine street Church, Boston.*

Says Dr. Channing, No man, who seriously considers what human nature is, and what it was made for, can think of setting up a claim to a fellow-creature ! What ! on a spiritual being—a being made to know and adore God, and who is to outlive the sun and stars ! What ! chain to our lowest uses a being made for truth and virtue ? convert into a brute instrument the intelligent nature on which the idea of duty has dawned, and which is a nobler type of God than all outward creation ? Should we not deem it a wrong which no punishment could expiate, were one of our children seized as property, and driven by the whip to toil ? And shall God's child, dearer to him than an only son to a human parent, be thus degraded ? Every thing else may be owned in the universe; but a moral, rational being cannot be property. Suns and stars may be owned, but not the lowest spirit. Touch any thing but this. Lay not your hand on God's rational offspring. The whole spiritual world cries out, forbear.

THE PEACE OF THE CHURCH.

I confess I have sometimes wondered to see some wise and good men, after all that can be said to them, make so great reckoning of certain metaphysical exceptions against some little words and formalities of difference in the government, and set so little value upon so great a thing as is the peace of the church. Oh, when shall the loud and harsh noises of our debates be turned to the sweeter sound of our united prayers for this blessed peace, that we might cry with one heart and voice to the God of peace, who alone can give it, *Pacem te poscimus omnes*: and if we be real supplicants for it, we would beware of being the disappointers of our own desires, and of obstructing the blessing we pray for, and therefore would mainly study a temper receptive of it, and that is great meekness and charity; and certainly whatsoever party or opinion we follow in this matter, the badge by which we must be known to the followers of Jesus Christ is this, that we love one another, and that law unquestionably is of divine right, and therefore would not be broken by bitter passion and revilings, and rooted hatreds one against another, for things about which the right is in dispute betwixt us; and, however that be, are we Christians ? Then doubtless, the things wherein we agree are incomparably greater than those wherein we disagree, and therefore, in all reason should be more powerful to unite us than the other to divide us. But, to restrain

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RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

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myself and stop here—if we love both our own and the church's peace, there be two things I conceive we should most carefully avoid, the bestowing of too great zeal upon small things, and too much confidence of opinion upon doubtful things: it is a mad thing to rush on hard, and boldly in the dark, and we all know what kind of a person it is of whom Solomon says, "That he rages, and is confident."—Leighton.

HOW PEOPLE GET INTO QUARRELS.

We often wonder how individuals and nations can get so easily by the ears; but the following anecdote of James and his father lets us into the secret. One party does wrong, and then insists on fighting to conceal his guilt and shame. Mr. Anderson, wishing to train his son to the profession of arms, had bought him a sword as a Christmas present; and the following extract from their conversation will show you what passions and purposes it excited in the boy's mind, and what is the most frequent origin of all wars:

"James. Now, pa', I have got a sword, I will tell you what I mean to do with it."

Mr. Anderson. What?

James. I mean to make Tim Jenkins give me back my top.

Mr. A. How came he by your top?

James. We played together; and the rule is, if one boy's top knocks the other out of the ring, then he takes it for his. So we tossed up who would spin first; and I had to spin first. And when my top was spinning, Tim Jenkins spun his top and knocked mine out—no, not quite out, he said it was out, and I said it was not.

Mr. A. Why, could not you see?

James. No, pa', the ring was not *very* plain. So Tim took up the top, and I tried to get it away; but he held it fast, and said he would leave it to the other boys, if it was not fairly out of the ring.

Mr. A. Well, that was fair enough; why did you not agree to it?

James. Why, because I knew they would give it against me; for every body loves Tim Jenkins, though his father is a carpenter, he is so quiet, and peaceable, and obliging.

Here James had stated the case to his father, much as grown people commonly state their own case.—The top was fairly out of the ring, and he knew that all the other boys saw it plainly; but he proceeded as follows:

James. I really think that Tim would have given me back the top, if I had only asked him for it; but I felt a great bunch in my throat that wouldn't let me do that.—So I told him I would *fight* him for the top, and if I beat him, he should give it to me, and if he beat me, he might keep it. But all the boys laughed at me for thinking to fight such a good natured, peaceable lad as Tim. So I came off home, and could not help crying. I was so mad, and so ashamed. Not that I cared for the top, for I have tops enough; but I cannot bear to give up my rights, and now I have got a sword, I will make him give me back my top; and if the boys laugh at me again, I will hit them with my sword, that I will.

Mr. A. Why, James, I am ashamed of you.—Where did you learn such sentiments? Not at the Sabbath school, I hope. Why, would you take advantage of Tim Jenkins, because he had no sword, and is a quiet and peaceable boy, to make him give up the top, when he was willing to leave it out to your playfellows to say whether he ought to give it up or not? Fie, fie, I am ashamed of you.

James. Then, pa', why do you not say fie, fie, to every body who takes the sword when the dispute can be left out to others to settle? If people always left out disputes to settle, there would be no need of a sword. Father, is not what I say about the top, just what you said the other night, when you had company to supper? Did you not say that you hoped our government would make the

Spaniards give up the Floridas, because we were stronger than they, and we wanted them? And you said, you hoped, if they did not give them up peaceably, that General Jackson would take them by force. I heard you say so, father, and I shall never forget it.

Mr. A. But that is quite another case, we had justice on our side.

James. Then, pa', did we offer to leave it out?

Mr. A. No, because we are stronger than they, and we can do no justice to ourselves.

James. Well, pa', is not that just the case between me and Tim Jenkins, now I have got a sword?

Mr. A. But there is a difference between nations and individuals.

James. Father, does the Bible say so?

Mr. A. Boy, you ask more questions than I care to answer."

This dialogue we have taken from "The Sword, or Christmas Presents," written especially for Sabbath schools, by the PEACE MAN. This little vol., and several others from the same popular pen—"Howard and Napoleon contrasted," "Adventures of a French Soldier," and "The Hero of Macedon, or history of Alexander the Great, reviewed in the light of the Gospel"—all deserve to be in every Sabbath school library. We would recommend them to the young as full of interest and instruction on the great, but too much neglected subject of "peace on earth, and good will among men."—S. S. Visitor.

For the Intelligencer.

WHO WILL DO LIKEWISE?

Mr. J. H., an aged man in G—, Ohio, had been for several years a Tract visitor, when he resolved to collect the Tracts that had been distributed, and supply a neighboring township, of which, in 1834, he visited *every family*, not one of whom, after his explanations, refused a Tract. Encouraged, and moved by a view of their spiritual wants, he commenced in 1835, to visit *every family* in the township and supply them with Tracts once in two months. He found 106 persons who professed religion, that were living in neglect of some of its plain duties. *Forty-five family altars* were erected during the year, around which the morning and evening sacrifice is offered. Three day-schools have been established, making four in all; besides two flourishing Sabbath Schools; two Female Prayer-Meetings; two Maternal Associations; and a Temperance Society, embracing *all the township except three families*; and *forty-four* within the year profess to have found Christ. In view of this success, this aged Christian has requested and been gratuitously supplied with Tracts, that he may in like manner visit *other townships* now very destitute of the means of grace, believing that God will still bless such efforts in the conversion of sinners to himself.

Question.—Suppose *one Christian* in every congregation should thus labor, how nearly would it double the efficiency of the whole Church of Christ? Who is responsible for such labors? "Lord, is it I?"

For the Intelligencer.

A VIGILANT TRACT DISTRIBUTER.

To Mr. J.—H.— of Pittsburgh, the American Tract Society granted the last year, at several times, no less than 170,000 pages of Tracts. He is a merchant in the heart of the great thoroughfare, with an extensive acquaintance and experience as a Tract Distributer, and his report is truly an interesting document.

Among those to whom his distributions have been made, are the crowds of individuals who follow the rafting and lumber business from the head waters of the Alleghany and Monongahela rivers, and their tributaries,

many of whom live in the forests, and removed from any church—thousands of *emigrants* passing to all parts of the West, and among them many large German families and companies—an extensive German population around the city with their Sabbath Schools—farmers, manufacturers, mechanics, innkeepers, boarding-houses, clergymen, missionaries, and pious ladies and gentlemen, traveling to the West and South—officers and passengers on steam, canal, and other boats—teachers and pupils of new Sabbath Schools in different parts of the country—African Sabbath Schools, and an African Temperance Society of 120 members—detachments of United States' Troops stationed at, or passing through the city—inmates of State's-Prison and County jails—on his own journeys, the poor lad or family on the road-side or mountain-top, stage drivers, waiters, hostlers, &c.—country merchants and others, passing the Sabbath at the City Hotels, &c., &c.

In all these cases he has given one or more Tracts as the occasion seemed to demand, *improving every suitable opportunity to add a word of Christian Counsel*, entreating the young especially, to read, reflect, and give their hearts to God. One farmer said his children at home regularly waited for his return, and would not go to rest till the Tract he carried them was read. A clergyman gives most hearty thanks for Tracts in his three congregations and four Sabbath Schools. To persons in manufactories, Tracts given on Saturday evening, have furnished on the day following a rich repast. One neighborhood, where are many colliers, through a blessing on Tract distributions and other means, have a flourishing Sabbath School; almost all attend public worship, and now a new church is erected.

Besides these labors, this brother has sold nearly 200 *Memoir of Page*, to excite others to duty, circulated a great number of Temperance documents, &c. He says, "My means are not large; I do a good deal of business for a retail merchant, yet I find time, and that too without much if any injury to my business, to do something for the good cause." At his request, 50,000 pages more have just been granted that he may continue the work.

Let every Christian ask himself, *What am I doing* by such means to bless my dying fellow-men to whom God is giving me access, as I am rapidly speeding my way to eternity?

"Pray, of what did your brother die?" said the Marquis Spinola to Sir Horace Vere. "He died, sir," replied he, "of having nothing to do." "Alas! sir," said Spinola, "that is enough to kill any General of us all."

"I have lived," said Dr. Adam Clarke, "to know that the great secret of human happiness is this: never suffer your energies to stagnate. The old adage of 'too many irons in the fire,' conveys an untruth. You cannot have too many—poker, tongs and all—keep them all going."

This world is the place for labor, and not for rest, or enjoyment, except that enjoyment which may be found in serving God. We shall have time enough in the coming world to rest, and to converse with our friends; and it may well reconcile us to separation here, if we hope to be forever with them there.—*Payson*.

What God calls a man to do, he will carry him through. I would undertake to govern half a dozen worlds, if God called me to it; but I would not undertake to govern half a dozen sheep unless God called me to do it.—*Ib.*

Wouldst thou from sorrow find a sweet relief?
Or is thy heart oppressed with woes untold?
Balm wouldst thou gather for corroding grief?
Pour blessings round thee like a shower of gold.
'Tis when the rose is wrapped in many a fold

Close to its heart, the worm is wasting there
Its life and beauty; not when, all unrolled,
Leaf after leaf, its bosom, rich and fair,
Breathes freely its perfumes throughout the ambient air.
Rouse to some work of high and holy love,
And thou an angel's happiness shalt know;
Shalt bless the earth while in the world above:
The good begun by thee shall onward flow
In many a branching stream, and wider grow;
The seed, that, in these few and fleeting hours,
Thy hands, unsparing and unwearied, sow,
Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine flowers,
And yield thee fruits divine in heaven's immortal bower.

WILCOX.

IS IT RIGHT?

Is it right to punish a man for an offense committed in a season of temporary insanity, while those who have deprived him of his reason, are permitted to go unpunished? Read and then judge.

"AN IRISH HEART," is the name of Mr. Sargent's eleventh Temperance Tale. The extracts which follow are the unpolished eloquence of a broken-hearted Irish woman. She stands before the Governor of New York, pleading for the pardon of her husband, "*daar Thaddy*," who had been sentenced to the State's Prison seven years, for the commission of a crime while under the influence of the "*crathur*." Hear her:

"An' it's right to pray that we may na be led into temptation, is it right to mak laws which fills the land wid shebeens, where he that sills the crathur may tempt ony poor buddy to his ruin? Whin we come to this contree, fro' tha dee we lift Lim'rick till we raach'd Montreal, na woman iver had a moor obliging mon than Thaddy. He was iver talking good nathured wid myself, or playing wid the childher, or spaking o' how happy we wud be in the new contree. He thritened na buddy, he was cee vil and dacent to all aboard. An it's just bekase there was na a dhrap o' the crathur to be had. Your hono: wull forgi' a poor buddy, but I wud ax, an a governor wid all the contreevers o' the law has na as great a power to prevint this sart o' throuble, as a captin o' a merchant ship? Whoosh! sir," continued Kathleen, forgeting, in her zeal for her husband and for justice, the presence she was in, "pit na the cheens round the nick o' poor Thaddy, that *daar* innocent mon that he is, but upon them what maks and sills the maddening crathur, or upon them what permits sich prosadings: na offence t' yer honor, onyhow. Whin the dee is done, the poor buddy, waary and darty and drouthy, rins to the shebeen as aisly as the baby, whin it's hungry, rins after the brist. An there was na shebeen, he wud rin hum to the wife and childher, and be moor happy there. Woe be to them, the book tills us, yer honor, by whom the office hath come. But, ah, ye'll na regard the prayers and the tears o' a poor woman, Ise one frind to whom I can go."

"You mean the Catholic priest or bishop, I suppose," said the Governor.

"Na, indaad, yer honor," said Kathleen; "its this blissed book," taking her little bible from her bosom, that taught me moor than ten years ago where to saak the bist relaaf for a broken heart, and the daarest friend a poor buddy can ha' in a coult world."

The Governor was much interested by the zeal and honesty of this devoted creature; and having heard, soon after the trial of Mashee, some circumstances of a palliatory character, he was strongly inclined to mercy. The marks of weariness were evident on the features of Kathleen and her little boy. The high color upon her intelligent and honest face, was not the glow of health, but the flush of a protracted and painful excitement. The Governor requested his daughter, who came accidentally into the room, to bring some refreshments. She soon returned with her mother, and a little brother, whose curiosity

she had excited, by her account of the pretty Irish woman and her children.

"It's your leddy, sir?" said Kathleen, dropping a courtesy.

The Governor nodded his head, and gave some little account of the poor woman's errand, while she gave little David some of the refreshment, and partook though sparingly, herself.

"You had better take something more," said the Governor's lady, "you have walked several miles since your breakfast."

"It's na breakfast Ise bin ating the dee, maam," said Kathleen, "It's hard ating wid a hivy heart. My own taars it is, that's bin maat and drink to me mony a dee. An ye was i' the same case yourself, daar leddy, wid your swaat childher haer depindent upon yourself alone for a bit o' bread, and your good mon put up in prison, for siven waary years, it's na o' ating ye'd be thinking, moor nor to keep sowl and buddy togheter, till ye saad him ha' his leebertry agin. Och sir," continued Kathleen, turning to the Governor, and pressing an argument, which her sagacity assured her had not been presented entirely in vain;—"Is it just in the sight o' God, to spread a shnare at iv'ry corner, and whin as 't was no moor nor reasonable to be ixpected, a poor immigrant or ony other poor buddy falls in't, to put him in prison for siven yaars? An ye wud just put the crathur, that did the ill wark, in prison for siven yaars, wid them that maks it, and them that sill's it, ye'd do a sarvice, and saa a dale o' difference onyhow. Ise haarr'd afore I lift Ireland, that Amiriky was a fraa countree. It's a fraa countree, for ayen the dacons o' the charches, Ise toul't, to mak the accursed crathur o' the Sabbadee; it's a fraa countree for sich as the like o' they, who profess to love the Lard, that wint about doing good, to sill the pistilent poison that it is, and to win away the bit o' bread o' the little childher, and drive the poor broken-hearted mother to disparation, and laad the misguided husband and father to offind agin the law. It's a fraa countree for all this, indaad it is. But when the wretched mon, crazed with the crathur, commits an offence, its na fraa countree for the like o' him onyhow."

The energy and honesty of this poor suppliant's manner can scarcely be conceived. The Governor's lady and daughter were deeply impressed by the native eloquence of this untutored Irish woman. Their tears were already telling the secret of her sympathy.

"Maybe," continued Kathleen, "maybe ye's think Ise too boul't and plain spaking. Indaad it's not myself that maans any offence, for its upon yer honored selves alone, next to the sure friend, Ise depending for marcy, it is. Poor daar Thaddy!" she exclaimed, scarcely able to speak articulately for her tears and sobs. "Och! and we had only beenly been continted to remain in Innisfallen, where we were barn, and where we first began to love ache other, and where we lived in pace! Dear sir, wull ye na look upon your own swaat leddy, and upon your own childher, and gi' a passing thought to me and to mine? It's for the daar husband, the only friend I ha' i' the wold, Ise plaading, an the father of thase childher, haar. Wull ye na lit thase poor things ha' their father agin, and wull ye keep the bars o' iron betwen myself and my daar mon, for siven lang years? God bliss ye sir; he's touching your kind heart; I saa it by the tear that's just in your eye."

"Good woman," said the Governor, "your husband's case shall be considered without delay, possibly this morning; in the mean time, as you are entirely without friends in this place, my wife will provide for you to-day."

"Och, sir, it's nothing Ise can return, but a poor buddy's prayers, an ye'll ha' enough of them, onyhow."

Kathleen and her children were ushered into the Governor's kitchen. "Dear papa," said his daughter, as he was leaving the room shortly after, "do let the poor little children have their father again!"

"Thaddy" was pardoned.

THE WAY OF ESCAPE.

How can I escape from the state of danger to which my soul is exposed? How indeed! Perhaps you will think with some, "God is too merciful to punish with eternal death." But God is as just, holy, and true, as he is merciful. "God is not a man, that he should lie; neither the son of man that he should repent: hath he said, and shall he not do it?" Num. xxiii. 19. Was God too merciful to drown the old world? or to burn Sodom and Gomorrah? or to destroy Tyre, Babylon, Ninevah, and even his beloved city Jerusaleim? Are not the Jews, scattered and peeled as they are, living monuments in all nations, that God is just and righteous in fulfilling his threatenings on the disobedient? Is he too merciful to allow temporal death to continue its ravages among men? Is not generation after generation regularly swept off, according to the sentence passed six thousand years ago, dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return?" Gen. iii. 19. Then, who art thou, who, having dared to sin against God times without number, now expectest the law of his kingdom to be set aside, to the dishonor of his name, authority, and word, under the plea that he is too merciful to punish? True, he is merciful! But such mercy as many hope for would be but another name for weakness. What think you of a king too good-natured ever to punish an offender? Would he not be a royal promoter of offences, a patron of thieves and murderers? Oh, rest not on that idle plea of a weak mercy in God, too soft to punish. It will not serve. Then, what will you do? "I will make up for my offences. I will reform myself, so will I blot out my sins." Poor soul, thou art talking of impossibilities. There is not one of those things which thou canst do. Go, move a mountain, fill up the ocean, pull down the stars from their spheres:—all will be as easy as what thou proposest for thyself. Thou canst not make up for thy offences. Thou canst not form thyself anew. Neither thy tears nor thy blood could blot out thy sins. Even if thou never sinnest, again, in word, thought, or deed, it is thy duty that thou doest, and no more. It cannot make up for thy past sins. To pay the debt of to-day, does not pay the debt contracted yesterday. Would your debtor satisfy you, if he came and said, "I am sorry that I contracted this debt, I will add to it no more?" And is not the justice of God as high and sacred a thing, as equity between man and man?

Have you yet other pleas? Let me persuade you to drop all, and look to the one only plea proposed by God himself. For while you are looking to vain confidences, your soul's danger continues unabated, yea, it increases every moment. Every breath you draw brings temporal death nearer. And as death finds you, so will judgment and eternity.—There is but one way of escape—Christ is the way. John xvi. 6.—Hambleton.

For the Intelligencer.

THE RESOLUTIONS

OF THE GENERAL ASSOCIATION OF CONNECTICUT.

To REV. JOSHUA LEAVITT,

Dear Brother,—In a late number of your paper, I perceive, the promised correspondence on the recent meeting at Norfolk has commenced. Who your correspondent is, we know not, and hope we never shall. We choose to think at random of some authors. With him we have no controversy; probably he expected none. He advances no argument and can therefore look for no refutation.—He expresses his opinions, but gives no reasons. He speaks as one having authority and not as the Scribes—as he is pleased to denominate the ministers of Connecticut. He reports the number sixteen, to impress the churches, as we must think, with a sense of the dwarfish size of the General Association, and of the nothingness of their opinions, compared with his own. Your

correspondent may not know any better than he has written; or he may have indulged in a bad spirit, of which he will repent next year. Not knowing his motives we find no fault with him. But, Dear Sir, we blame you for admitting such articles about Connecticut ministers into your paper. You have heretofore published charges against ministers which have since been retracted, and which, at the time, it seems to us, you must have known to be false. You went from Connecticut. You know most of the ministers in our State. Therefore, when false accusations are brought against us, you cannot be ignorant of it, and by giving them a place in your paper, we feel you become a *slanderer* of your brethren.

Last year we felt that you would be blamed for admitting into your paper a letter which you must have known to be a libel on the ministers and churches in Connecticut, and for which the author recently made public acknowledgment. Similar to that is the communication in your last. We blame you for publishing it. Several charges implied if not expressed, you know to be false, whatever may be the knowledge of the author. We will notice some things, of which your correspondent seems anxious to advertise the churches, and which you have reason to believe are not true.

1. He represents Connecticut ministers as akin to the priests of the *dark ages*. A large proportion of his letter is written to show that the General Association is a self-constituted body, having no authority over the churches. And to be sure that their advice shall have no effect, he repeats the number till all must remember there were but *sixteen*.

Now the age in which we live is truly *dark*, but we are willing to receive light. However, we do not wish, as Dr. Beecher says, to have all the earth broken up, that we may see light through its chinks.

The General Association of Connecticut assume no authority over our churches. Every church-member knows this as well as your correspondent. The ministers meet in General Council to consider the state of the churches, and consult for their best interests. What they deem best, they recommend to the churches, of which the Lord hath made them overseers.

With regard to the number *sixteen*. Reckoning the members, corresponding members, and other clergymen present, who were invited to express their opinions on the famous resolutions, there were some *three times sixteen*. Again: If the General Association in adopting these resolutions prove themselves to be asleep, as your correspondent more than insinuates, then all those who were active in favoring them are asleep also; i. e. Dr. Beecher, Messrs. Kirk & Bacon are asleep—afraid that some Evangelists will “awake them.” Men and brethren, in all the land, say, are these servants of Jesus Christ asleep?

2. He represents the General Association as having *denounced* all Evangelists. From the frequency with which the term *denounced* is used, one would suppose the resolutions were laden with the pontifical anathemas of the Romish Church. But the resolution referred to, breathes no such spirit. It would persecute no one:—it would annihilate none. It simply says in behalf of the churches, a certain order is inconsistent with the success of a certain other order already established. A man says he does not wish to receive colored people into all the relations of domestic and social life; does he therefore denounce the colored race? So say some, but we think he may, nevertheless, be a friend of the black man.

3. Your correspondent gives us a worse character than you know we possess.

We claim no special praise, nor do we discover the reasonableness of accumulated reproach. Reference is made to the priests, Levites, Scribes, and Pharisees of ancient days, as treating the Saviour and his apostles as we resolve to treat Evangelists; i. e., the ministers of

Connecticut belong to the same class with those who opposed and persecuted the servants and the Son of God!

If the Lord Jesus Christ or any of his apostles were to move around in our State, we presume they would be welcomed by all the ministers and churches. If such men alone, as Whitfield and Nettleton were to be found in the order of Evangelists, we presume the resolution concerning them had never been thought of. But Evangelists are multiplying. Many conceive that greatness and glory lie in the order of Evangelism. Thinking they should become some great Knox¹ or Whitfield, they are applying, in considerable numbers, to be ordained as Evangelists. They are pretending to superior knowledge and power,—thrusting themselves in over the heads of other ministers, and teaching the churches that nothing can be done without their new light and new measures. Often do they make the impression on churches that *their* ministers are an inferior class of men,—fit only to be hewers of wood and drawers of water,—not competent to move in a revival of religion.

Your correspondent takes the same view of things. I cannot discover that he admits the existence of a *stated ministry*: or if he does, they bear the same relation to Evangelists that the Scribes and Pharisees sustained to Christ and the apostles. Evangelists, then, are the only men that go about and do good. If regular ministers are not set aside as unfit to preach the Gospel, Evangelists are exalted over them, like Episcopal Bishops, as the apostolical channel through which heaven's blessings come to men. Now this character which Evangelists have assumed is fictitious. It is not Scriptural. It is injurious,—injurious to themselves, the churches and the stated ministry. If allowed, ministerial purity is at an end; the corner-stone of the Presbyterian and Congregational Churches is removed. This, Mr. Leavitt knows: he must, therefore, know that the constant teachings of his paper, which exalt Evangelists to the depreciation of the regular ministry, are contrary to truth.

You may think, Dear Sir, that serious charges are preferred against you. To give currency to falsehood is no small offense. You may endeavor to shake off responsibility by saying your columns are open for all—each is amenable to the bar of public opinion for what he writes. I admire your liberality, but you give it criminal indulgence.—No Editor has a right to publish what he knows to be false, come from whatever source it may. And surely, no Christian minister should take up and circulate an evil report about his brethren, without the best of evidence, and the loudest calls of duty.

A MEMBER Of the Gen. Assoc. of Conn.

P. S. As I was not in season for the printer last week,^{*} I will add a word respecting another article in your paper issued since the one referred to above. “U. E.” is a new Correspondent. He writes like a man and a Christian. Such men will be heard. He expresses his own opinion decidedly, and in support of it, brings forward the facts furnished by his own experience. We might state facts of a like nature, and we might state many more of a different character. This was done by Dr. Beecher and others who offered their sentiments on the resolutions. The sketch of their remarks was very imperfect. In conclusion: As you have invited your friends to furnish you with facts on many points concerning Evangelists, I have two requests to make. 1. That it be remembered that the great question is to be settled by an appeal to facts and the *Word of God*. If hard names are to be substituted instead of these, we may ask—Where is that charity which *thinketh no evil*. 2. That nothing be published which is known to be contrary from truth.

* The above letter of our correspondent was sent us for our paper last week, but was received too late for insertion in that number.—ED.

AGENTS AND EVANGELISTS.

The "Resolutions" of the last General Association, though assailed from one quarter in no very moderate terms, appear to us as nearly perfect as any thing human, so far as they go. Our objection to them is that they do not cover the whole ground which they ought to have embraced. Particularly is this true, as we think, with regard to Agents. Pleased as we were that so much was done, we should have been much more gratified if the Association had come out before the churches and the world, and confessed that it was through the fault of the Ministry and the churches that the labor of Agents has ever been needful to carry forward benevolent operations; and, humbled for the past, resolved that their brethren in the Ministry and the churches be earnestly invited to unite with them in doing away the necessity for their labors in future. We have long felt that the churches were in fault in this matter; and should be glad to say any thing that should have a tendency to correct it.

Confining our remarks for the present to Agents, we take the liberty of stating very briefly our objections to their being employed.

1. The service required of them is a very uncomfortable service. We have had some little experience of this kind; quite enough to satisfy us that it is no very comfortable sort of life. To say nothing of the self-denials with regard to domestic enjoyments, there is far too little piety, even in the churches, to make an Agent feel that he is always sure of a welcome reception; that his cause shall have a candid hearing and a cheerful assistance. He expects, and too often meets with, sour looks and cold words from those who should regard his cause as their own; and most cheerfully bless him for pleading in its behalf. Our experience, too, in this we suppose is of the better sort; the character of the objects for which we have solicited aid, being such as to lead us to address the more intelligent and respectful part of the community. But nothing but a conviction of the importance of the objects, and the belief that an agency of this sort, in the existing state of the churches, was necessary to secure them, ever induced us to undertake the work; and no earthly consideration would ever induce us to resume it. Such we believe to be the feelings with which Agents generally engage in their work. Now, if the labor be important and needful, we are not to shrink from it because it is attended with the sacrifice of personal comforts: but if it be a *needless* labor, as we think we shall prove, then the churches have no right to demand it.

2. Agencies are expensive. Men cannot go this warfare at their own charges: and if any labor is deserving of liberal requital, this has such a claim. The time of the Agent must be liberally compensated; and his traveling expenses, too, must be paid, either *farre* he avails of his agency, or, what is more commonly the case, it is saved at the expense and inconvenience of his brethren in the Ministry. We say of this, too, if it be *necessary*, let it be cheerfully paid: but if agencies are unnecessary, then is this an unjustifiable expenditure.

3. It is a waste of valuable ministerial talent. It is taking some scores of men, and not the least important men, out of the regular work of the Ministry. If this sort of arrangement be *needful*, to carry on benevolent operations, we say again, let the sacrifice be made; let the men be spared; and let so many churches suffer for the want of men to break unto them the bread of life. But in this day of loud demand for ministerial help, let not their numbers and their strength be diminished by a conscription for any useless service.

4. They do the work imperfectly. Evils result both to themselves and to the churches from their manner of performing it. By a constant contemplation of his one object, the mind of the Agent becomes filled with it, and there is no room left for any thing else. His topic of

discourse is the *great* subject, the *only* subject, to his seeming, worthy of much consideration. Every thing else is quite subordinate to this. The church must come into his views in this matter, and the resources of the church must be brought into requisition to sustain this object, or the work of the world's salvation must stop. And if he be a man of much power, and be not so much crazed by his subject as to appear extravagant, and thus produce disgust, he will leave the impress of his own mind upon the congregations he is permitted to address. And the community is set into a chase after his object, until another Agent come to arrest their attention and give them a new direction.

If money be contributed, it is probably the mere ebullition of a temporary, fervid excitement, and not the cheerful offering of enlightened principle: and the man who has given it, instead of rejoicing afterwards in the recollection that he has made a sacrifice to a good cause, feels vexed at himself for his folly in permitting his feelings to give away both his judgment and his money.

5. Ministers need do this to qualify them the better for every other part of their service. No minister is fitted for the office if he is not somewhat particularly informed on every subject of much importance to the church, and to the salvation of the world. He ought not, especially, to be uninformed on any subject of so much importance as to require agencies to bring it before the public mind. So abundantly, and so conveniently is this intelligence now thrown out to the public, that it need require no more than his hours of relaxation from severer studies, to keep an intelligent and comprehensive view of all the movements of the Christian world. Whether he preaches upon these subjects or not, he cannot preach upon other subjects, or be useful as a Pastor if he has not this information: and if his mind is stored with it, why should he not communicate it to his people, and so feed his own flock?

6. The minister will be more likely to give to every subject its relative importance. His mind is not like that of an agent, confined to one object. The whole field is before him. He sees where help is most needed; and can direct the prayers, and the contributions, and the labors of his people accordingly. Moreover, any such intelligent and faithful minister has the *confidence* of his people, and can more effectually and successfully guide them in their benevolent labors, than any stranger. They feel it to be his appropriate business to advise and direct them in their efforts to do good. And it accords with our experience and observation entirely, that any people, under such pastoral influence, will do for benevolent objects their full proportion of all that is accomplished.

7. It is needful for the minister to do this labor, in order to retain the affections and confidence of his people, and his means of usefulness. For these subjects upon which agents go about to lecture, are subjects of exciting interest. They can hardly be presented without producing interest. Much as men love the world, and reluctant as even good men are to part with it, still when the woes and the wants of the nations are presented, and the call is made for help, Christian principle, from the hearts of God's people, utters a cheerful response; and human feelings in the bosoms of all are awakened to interesting emotions: and in the enjoyment of these pleasurable emotions, he is not forgotten who has produced them. If this be done by an agent, the inquiry very naturally arises, Why does not our minister preach like him? And the wish is very naturally excited that they had such a minister. The minister, then, needs to do this very labor if he would live and grow in the affections and confidence of his people, and make his other ministrations most useful.

Such are some of the reasons why we would dispense with agencies. We regard them as an evil in the church. We suppose they are generally regarded as a *necessary* evil. It is the imperfection of the ministry and the churches that makes it so. It is a shame to the church-

es of Christ, if it be needful for scores of his best ministers to be taken off from their appropriate labors, and sustained from the Lord's treasury, to go among them, in the irksome business of urging them to their duty; nay, we should have said, of urging them to live up to their high privileges. It is a disgrace to the Christian name if this be needful. And yet, perhaps it is so. We should hardly dare take the responsibility of insisting upon dispensing with agencies.—We should hardly dare stand pledged for the deficit in the treasuries of our various Boards, at their next Annual Reports. But if it be a *necessary* evil, let the churches consider well the reason.

For the Intelligencer.

AM. BOARD OF COM. FOR F. MISSIONS.

INCREASED CONTRIBUTIONS NEEDED TO SUSTAIN THE OPERATIONS OF THE BOARD, NO. 1.

Until this year, no special appeal for funds has been made on behalf of the Board since 1831. Then fifteen or twenty approved missionaries were ready to go forth to their fields of labor, and the Board had not the means of sending them. The treasury was overdrawn, by \$20,000.

A simple statement of these facts was met at that time by such an increase of contributions as removed all pecuniary embarrassment and infused new vigor into the operations of the Board.

Through the blessing of God, the five years that have since elapsed, have been years of steady growth and increasing prosperity. The operations of the Board have been constantly extending. The number of its missionaries, the number of minds to whom they have access, and the amount and variety of means for bringing the Gospel into contact with those minds, have been multiplied. So have the fruits of missionary toil, in the conversion of sinners, the formation of churches, the translation and printing of the Holy Scriptures, and the building up of Seminaries for the education of native teachers and preachers. At this time the whole attitude and aspect of the Missions of the Board, are full of encouragement.

This expansion of plans and efforts has of course created a growing demand for funds. Until recently, the receipts into the Treasury have increased in proportion to the necessary expenses of the work. The only solicitude felt, as to the means of going forward, has been in respect to laborers. The Committee have acted on the principle of sending out every well qualified missionary they could obtain. They have believed that the patrons of the Board were prepared to sustain them in this. Having received from various quarters assurances of the readiness of the friends of the cause to increase their contributions whenever additional funds were needed, they have encouraged the missionaries abroad to attempt great things for the honor of Christ in the salvation of men—They have said to them, "The churches that sent you out are ready to sustain you. They are devising liberal things. They have no wish to restrict and fetter you in your means of doing good."

At home the duty of personal consecration to the work has been much insisted on. In view of the vast fields white to the harvest and the willingness of the churches to sustain many more laborers, the appeal has been made, and repeated, and urged, Whom shall we send, and who will go for us!

The time has come to put these principles and views to the test. It is to be seen whether the Board have rightly understood and expressed the spirit and purpose of the Churches for which they act.

It was stated in the month of March, that the expenses of the Board up to that time, for the year commencing with August 1835, were \$165,000, while the receipts were but \$93,000.

Since that time twenty missionaries and assistant missionaries have been sent out, sixteen to the Indian Archi-

pelago, and four to the Mediterranean, and the expenses of the Board up to July 31st, the end of the financial year, are not less than \$215,000; while the receipts do not exceed \$176,000; leaving a deficiency of \$39,000.

The causes of this increased expenditure are mostly of a permanent character. If we go forward, and if the Lord smiles upon the work of our hands, they will be felt during the ensuing year more than in that which is now closing. At this time more than fifty missionaries and assistant missionaries having offered themselves and been approved, are under appointment. Most of them have been already designated to stations where they are much needed, with the expectation on their part, and on the part of the Committee, that they will be sent out without delay. It is very plain, therefore, that the operations of the Board cannot be sustained on their present scale, without a large and permanent increase of funds. Much less can the Board enter the open doors which God sets before them in heathen lands or send out the additional laborers already appointed.

Such an increase can be obtained only by increased effort and self-denial on the part of individual friends of the cause enlarging their own contributions and persuading others to take part with them in this work. To such the appeal is now made. The question is submitted to their calm and prayerful consideration and decision, *Shall the Board go forward, or shall its movements be retarded and its energies paralyzed by the want of funds?*

Missionary Rooms, Boston, July 30, 1836.

AMERICAN BOARD.

Mr. Anderson stated on Monday evening, that the expenses for the financial year ending July 31st, were \$220,000, while the income was only \$180,000, leaving the treasury deficient about \$40,000 dollars. In addition to this, fifty missionaries are already approved, and are making their preparations to depart, and expecting to leave before the first of January. The number will probably be increased to sixty or seventy, before the thirty families are completed. Their outfit and passage will require about 30,000 more. Thus about \$70,000 besides the current expenses must be raised before the end of the year. We say *must* be raised. Our operations must not be curtailed; and furthermore, our bills drawn on London must not be protested. Now our credit is good, and our bills drawn on London, pass current in every part of the world. This confidence must not be impaired.

THE PRESS.—As but little intelligence has been received during the past month, the evening was spent chiefly in detailing the operations of the press. Sometime since, the establishment at Malta had been divided, and removed to Smyrna and Beyroot. \$5000 have lately been appropriated to enlarge the operations at Smyrna,—new type has been provided, and all the materials necessary for casting type, stereotyping, &c. The same was about to be done at Beyroot. A similar establishment was about to be made at Oormiah, among the Nestorians of Persia. The whole was to be carried 700 miles over the mountains from the Black Sea. No obstacle to the use of the press to any extent appears either in Turkey or Persia. In the latter country, the press is now much needed. The Board are about to send a press to Cape Palmas, and another to the Zoolahs in South Africa.—At Singapore, the establishment is to be greatly enlarged, so that it will become one of the greatest cities in the world.

SIAM.—The Siamese, particularly the females are found to be very refined and intelligent, and the country in a highly prosperous state. The missionaries are receiving much attention from the nobility, such as none before have experienced in any part of the world. Nor is this attention from mere politeness or formality; but arises from a desire for information and improvement.—*Boston Spectator.*

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RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

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1836]

PROHIBITION OF MISSIONS IN RUSSIA.

It will be recollect that the Russian Government, about a year ago, withdrew their protection from the German and Scotch missions in the neighborhood of the Black Sea. The following is the official order dated August, 1835, and communicated by the commandant of Shoosha to the missionaries of the Basle Missionary Society.

"Gentlemen—In consequence of a memorial from the commander in chief of Georgia, addressed to the minister of the interior, and forwarded by him to the committee of ministers, respecting your missionary establishment located at Shoosha, the committee learning by the real state of things, that you, gentlemen, since the time of your settlement at Shoosha, have not yet converted any body, and deviating from your proper limits, have directed your views to the Armenian youth, which, on the part of the Armenian clergy, has produced complaints, the consequences of which may be very disagreeable, have concluded to prohibit you all missionary labors, and for the future, to leave it to your own choice, to employ yourselves with agriculture, manufactures, or mechanical trades. To prevent any cause of further complaint on the part of the Armenian clergy, they forbid you to receive the Armenian youth into your schools.

It has pleased his majesty, the emperor, to confirm this decree of the committee of ministers."

At present there are five missionaries, four clergymen, and one priest, connected with the Shoosha mission, weeping as you will readily suppose over the desolations of Zion, whose walls they are thus peremptorily forbidden to repair.

On the north side of the Caucasus mountains, at a place called Karass, is a Scottish missionary colony. It was established under the patronage of the late emperor Alexander, who gave to that establishment the prerogatives and form of a colony, for the sole purpose of avoiding the opposition which he apprehended would immediately be roused by the Russian church against a Protestant mission.

About the time the government order was issued, forbidding the Shoosha missionaries to proceed with their labors, a similar one was forwarded to Karass, commanding the protestant missionaries there, now six in number, one Scottish and five German, to cease entirely from their missionary labors, and stating that missionaries of the Russian church were soon to take their places.

Miss. Herald of Aug.

PASSING THROUGH THE FIRE.

[From Rev. Ira Tracy to one of the Editors of the Vermont Chronicle.]

SINGAPORE, Feb. 22d, 1836.

Eight or nine months ago I wrote you some account of an idolatrous scene which I had just witnessed—the swinging high in the air on hooks fixed in the flesh of the back, and running iron rods through the sides. I have this evening witnessed another specimen of the cruel reign of Satan, and will give you some account of it. It has been often described by others, but to you it may seem more real, in consequence of my having seen it with my own eyes.

I was not aware that any thing uncommon was going on, till after dinner, when one of the family came into my room inquiring what it was that was moving along a distant street. I looked out, saw the street crowded with people, and a large car with a canopy, &c., not less than 20 feet high being drawn out towards an open field, where I was told the ceremony of passing through the fire was to be performed. Wishing to see for once this new form of heathenism, I took my hat and walked to the place. An immense multitude had assembled there, and on my arrival I found that a fire had been burning

long enough to reduce a large quantity of wood to coals. The unconsumed brands had been taken out and laid aside; and the remaining coals were glowing with their hottest heat. Several men were levelling them and preparing them for the ceremony. I stopped a moment at the side next town, and then passed to the other. As I was going, I observed one of the men who were engaged about the fire so heated that he called for water, a large bucket of which was turned upon his head. A moment after, I saw another of them fallen upon the ground, faint from exertion and the heat of the burning coals, strongly reminding me of those who approached Nebuchadnezzar's furnace. The fire was about 18 or 20 feet long, by 9 or 10 broad, and 6 inches deep. The coals were broken small, and all foreign bodies, such as stones or unburnt wood, carefully removed.

After some time a kid was brought to the head the of pile of coals, washed with water poured all over it, its head severed from its body by a single blow, and its body then drawn three times round the fire as fast as a man could run with it.

The devotees then approached with music, and confusion, and tumult. Two or three of them ran through the fire without much apparent difficulty, though their feet must, I think, have been burned more or less, probably some of them badly. Then came one who stumbled at the head of the fire and plunged headlong in the middle of it; then half raising himself he fell again, and before he got through, was awfully burned. But instead of the hand of mercy being extended for his relief, as soon as he had escaped the fire, his heartless countrymen fell upon him with anger at his failure, and beat him so severely that it is said to be doubtful whether he will recover. Another almost walked through the glowing coals; and others followed, sometimes several at once. In all, more than 20 men testified in this way their faithfulness in the service of Satan.

As soon as they were done, water was thrown upon the fire so as to diminish its heat and allow its being approached. The deluded multitude then came forward and took a handful of the coals or ashes and rubbed some of it upon their foreheads (surely a mark of the beast) and other parts of their faces and persons. Among these I observed a man who is tall and dignified in his person, and possessed of a considerable degree of intelligence, and is now building a house for our mission. It is not merely the uneducated and inferior part of the heathen that believe in the virtue of such hellish ceremonials, but the best among them, also. I say hellish: for taking the appearance of the multitude, the fire, the torture, the noises and gestures, the scene seemed to me a more perfect representation of the kingdom of Satan than any thing I ever saw before. As a brother remarked on coming from the place, "it seemed as if they wished to anticipate hell."

If you inform others of this, tell them that I stood by, within four or five yards of the fire, while all these things were done; and know positively that there was no deception—they ran through the fire on their bare feet. And they did it—for what? To please—whom? Can any but the devil be pleased with such services? and are not they who render them his own children, hastening to be with him in quenchless fire? How then shuld we labor and pray for their rescue. O let it be *with our might*.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.

Letters have recently been received of as late a date as March 27th. The government was becoming settled, order was prevailing, and the state of things among the people improving. A series of meetings was held six days in succession about the first of February, when the large church at Honolulu was regularly filled with attentive and solemn hearers of the word of God—the number present from day to day being from 4,000 to 5,000. A num-

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ber of backsliders gave evidence of genuine repentance, the members of the church were revived, others who had remained in doubt respecting their Christian character, became decided, and about forty from this class were, on the first Sabbath in March, proposed as candidates for church-fellowship. A considerable number were hopefully converted.—The revised edition of the New Testament, consisting of 10,000 copies had been printed, and the demand for it was very great. The adult Sabbath-school, superintended by Mr. Chamberlain, embraced from 1200 to 1400 learners.—*Herald.*

AFFLICTIONS OF IRELAND.

At the late anniversary in London of the Irish Evangelical Society, the Rev. John Sibree, who had been sent by the committee to visit their various stations in Ireland, gave the following account, from actual observation, of some of the evils which afflict this unhappy country.

One of the evils which afflict Ireland is its superstition. This appears, in a particular manner, in the public religious services. Most of the chapels are open every morning at 8 o'clock, when mass is performed during the early part of the day by the priests. I went to several of the chapels in different parts of the country, and saw multitudes of persons on their knees, and some with their faces bowed down to the ground, and their foreheads on the cold stones. In these attitudes I have seen them repeating their prayers, and counting the number of them by their beads, a string of which I have now in my possession, to which is appended a silver crucifix. On Sabbath days, and especially on great festivals, when the chapels are crowded, great numbers of persons may be seen kneeling down in the streets and roads leading to the chapel; for if the devotee can only get a sight of the chapel, while the mass is being performed, he is satisfied. And here I just remark, that I was perfectly astonished at the numbers that attend public worship. The Catholics of Ireland are not like the great mass of Protestants in England, who, while they boast of their Protestantism, scarcely ever attend any place of worship at all. One Sunday morning, I looked into a chapel in Dublin, and saw it filled to excess; the congregation, however, soon retired; but it was to make room for another congregation that was standing out in the street waiting for admission. In one town, containing a population of 9000, I was informed by the dissenting minister of the place, that the Catholic chapel would accommodate 2000 persons, and that three times every Sabbath day that chapel was filled with a different congregation. Indeed, wherever I went in Ireland, I found that a great majority of the Catholic population attended public worship. I have never seen or heard of any thing like this among the Protestants of England. But we fear that this Catholic worship is neither acceptable to God nor profitable to the devotees themselves, being attended with such gross superstitions.

Their superstition appears in their belief in the efficacy of holy water, with which they sprinkle themselves as they enter or retire from their chapels. On one occasion, in the midst of a crowd of persons coming out of a Catholic chapel in Dublin, I noticed a poor, wretched, ragged old woman, with a blacking bottle in her hand, which she had just filled with holy water, and which was slopping on the ground at every step she took. She was taking this home, probably, to sprinkle on her bed, or clothes, or furniture, as a charm, to cure or prevent diseases or other calamities. Many of the Romanists keep what are called holy water fonts, which consist of a crucifix, with a sort of cup fixed at the bottom of it containing the holy water; and these are commonly suspended over the pillow of the bed, or in some other parts of the dwelling, for various superstitious purposes. Great respect is paid by some of the Irish Catholics to numerous holy wells. One of these I visited, called Tubbernarrooghee, near the town of Mallow. To this well many of the peasantry in the neigh-

borhood are in the habit of resorting, under the superstitious idea that healing virtue for both soul and body, is to be found in its consecrated waters. Immediately over the well is a shade of trees, closely planted, which present an extraordinary and ludicrous appearance. Every person who pays a visit of penance and prayer, hangs a small piece of his or her garment on one of the branches of a tree; the effect is that strips of every color and quality, decorate, or rather deform, every part of every tree near the well. These are hung up as witnesses to the saint, in his unseen returns, that the worshipper paid the visit, and observed the rite. While I was at this singular spot, I cut off the small branch which I hold in my hand, on which a number of strips of linen and cloth had been lately tied, as votive offerings to the saints of the well.

The Catholic population of Ireland suffer much from a system of priesthood. The people seem disposed to believe any thing the priest teaches them, to do any thing he bids, to pay any thing he exacts from them, and to suffer any thing he inflicts upon them. The priests acquire much of their influence by the sacrament of penance and confession, which they require the people rigidly to observe.

The inhabitants of this unhappy land suffer much from oppression. They have always been treated as a conquered people, and are so treated to this day. They are suffering both from civil oppression and from ecclesiastical oppression. They have long been oppressed by the Romish church,—“a yoke which neither they nor their fathers have been able to bear; and another kind of “Catholic emancipation” is yet required before Ireland will be free. But it cannot be concealed that she has been also oppressed by the Protestant ecclesiastical establishment. The tything system has ground the people down to such a degree, that they can bear it and will bear it no longer, and we are all bound as patriots and as Christians to give thanks to the Father of mercies that the evil is now almost at an end. If the professed object of the system had been in any degree accomplished, viz., the spread of the doctrines of the reformation, and of pure Christianity, there would have been some palliation of the evil; but it cannot be denied that the reverse is the case; that, notwithstanding the millions of British money that have been professedly devoted to the spread of the Protestant faith in Ireland, it remains to this day as much a popish country as ever. The cry of poor Ireland has, however, we trust, reached the ear and touched the heart of the God of mercy, “O Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me!”

Another evil is intemperance. The spirituous liquor, called whiskey, which is so easily manufactured there, and sold at so cheap a rate, is used by the majority of the inhabitants as a common beverage, and is the bane and ruin of the personal and domestic comfort of the business, of the bodies and souls of, I fear, thousands of poor Ireland's sons and daughters. Most of the shops in the large towns are grocery and spirit-shops, which are constantly crowded with men, women and children.

Ireland is proverbial for poverty; and there you may see poverty personified—persons as poor as they possibly can be. Meat, I believe, very seldom comes near the mouth of the poor Irish. Though I traveled nearly 1000 miles in Ireland, yet in many districts, particularly in the west and south, I scarcely ever saw a butcher's shop. The poverty of the Irish appears in their persons, in their dress, and especially in their dwellings. There are thousands of dwellings in Ireland, inhabited by human beings, that are hardly good enough for brutes. An Irish cabin is a low log hut, composed of mud walls, often with turf instead of tiling or thatch for a roof, without a window to let in the light, or a chimney to let out the smoke—but the one admitted, and the other expelled through a hole called a door-way. In this cabin, which has only an earth floor, and consists of but one room, parents

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and the pigs, the child and the chicken, all herd, and feed, and sleep together.

RESULTS OF HOME MISSIONS.

When we look at the number of laborers employed by the American Home Missionary Society, or the number of congregations to which they have ministered, or the number of communicants they have received to the table of the Lord, or the number of children and youth instructed under their care in Sabbath schools and Bible classes—the bearing, for a single year, of Home Missionary labors, upon the immortal interests of our fellow men, appears to us vast and incomprehensible. And yet, but a small portion of the results of these labors, can possibly come under our eye.

We can tell of 750 missionaries in the field. But we cannot follow all these, nor even one of them, through the circuit of the year, as he delivers his messages of grace and animates the people of God in every good work; as he enters the chamber of sickness, comforts the afflicted, and commends the spirit of the dying to the Lamb of God—to bring back to the churches a full report of their labors.

We can tell of 70 revivals of religion, and of thousands born through their influence into the kingdom of the Redeemer. But, of the entire results of these revivals, through time and through eternity, to those who have been renewed in them, and of their bearings upon the eternal state of multitudes which no man can number, we can form no adequate conception, until we shall be permitted to review them, in the light of immortality.

The good immediately accomplished, however, may not be the most striking of the results of Home Missionary effort.

While the missionaries are preaching Christ and Him crucified to the living, they are laying broad and deep the foundations of many generations;—they are setting in motion trains of moral influences, which will not cease when they are dead; they are kindling up lights in Zion, which will shine brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.

Churches that were near unto death are quickened, and become able of themselves to sustain the institutions of the Gospel, and to hand down its blessing to those that shall come after them. New churches, also, are organized, to throw open their portals to the fathers, and to the children, and to the children's children through many generations, and to send out their saving influences to the ends of the world.

The organization of a church that may stand through all coming time, and bring its multitudes of redeemed ones to glory, is a great event. And to plant such churches, and sustain them, till they no longer need aid, but are prepared to become most efficient fellow laborers with us, in hastening forward the universal reign of the Son of God, is surely a great work. The results of it cannot be comprehended, till they shall be unfolded at the judgment.

And yet this is a part of the glorious work, in which the friends of Home Missions are permitted to engage. Many churches that have been planted and nurtured by their care, are now rendering back, into the treasury of the Lord, more than double, for all that they have received; and the light of their example, their labors of love, and their prayers of faith, are bringing many of the lost into the kingdom of God. And churches are, every year, organized, that will soon, it is to be hoped, join hands with those who have been the almoners of Heaven's bounty to them, in extending the blessings of immortal life to others that are ready to perish.—*Home Missionary.*

Neither all the devils in hell, nor all the temptations of the world can hurt that man that keeps himself humble and depending on Christ.

For the Intelligencer.

TEACHERS' SEMINARY.

AT WAVERLY, ILLINOIS.

A Seminary for the education of Common School Teachers is about to be established at Waverly, Morgan County.

This town has recently been laid out, 20 miles from Jacksonville, on the Stage route to Vandalia, and is owned by C. J. SALTER & Co. It is delightfully situated on a high, rolling healthy prairie, and the view of the surrounding country is extensive and exceedingly picturesque.

Adjoining the town, the Proprietors have agreed to deed to the Trustees 640 acres of land—one half of which will be a donation, and the other half put at \$1 25 per acre. They also agree to give for the purposes of the Seminary, 10 per cent, of the net proceeds arising from the sales of a portion of the lots. In the centre of the town are two large open areas, separated from each other by a road. Fronting these, and on the highest part of the town plat, eight lots are reserved as the site of the Institution. In this respect, it will resemble the celebrated site of Yale College.

The primary object of the Seminary will be to qualify young men for the business of Common School teaching. The instruction, however, for the present, will be so varied, that those students who wish to pursue only a common Academic course, or to prepare for College, will be received. Though Seminaries designed especially for training up common school teachers have been so long known and so successfully conducted in Prussia and other portions of Europe—they are of recent origin in this country, and their number is yet exceedingly few. The Legislature of New York has recently selected ten prominent Academies in that State, and engrrafted upon them a department for the education of Teachers.—And in Massachusetts one Seminary especially designed for this object, has been in successful operation for years.

Some friends of education in this State, feeling that Common Schools lie at the foundation of the public good, and that they are liable to be worse than useless if *taught by incompetent teachers*, have determined to make this first experiment of the kind in Illinois. And that every thing may be done to ensure its success it will sustain such a relation to Illinois College—that the fostering influence of the Faculty of that Institution can be thrown upon it, while all its pecuniary concerns will be managed by an independent Board of Trustees. That Board, in part, has already been organized; and the Institution will go into operation one year from the coming Autumn, if the requisite funds can be obtained.

RELIGIOUS SUMMARY.

A man in New Jersey, to show us a little of his amiable feelings towards the Temperance cause, bought him a barrel of whiskey, and labelled it slow poison, and rolling it into his wagon, sat down on the barrel, and drove it through the street, cheering and hurring the Temperance people. Poor fellow, it was not slow poison to him. About six months after he was in the drunkard's grave.

Said an aged minister in New Jersey, at the close of a Temperance meeting, I have been pastor of this people

40 years; and when I say that every third funeral of those I attended who had grown to manhood, was the funeral of one cut off by intemperance, I do not err far from truth.

The fall vacation in the Theological Institute of Connecticut, will be five weeks, to commence at the time of the anniversary, which will be the present year on the 31st day of August. The winter term will of course commence on the sixth day of October.

Candidates for admission to this Seminary must produce satisfactory testimonials, that they possess competent talents, and are members, in good standing, of some Christian church, and that they have been graduated at some college or university, or have otherwise made literary acquisitions which as preparatory to theological studies, are substantially equivalent to a liberal education. They must also be examined with reference to their personal piety, and their object in pursuing theological studies.

Rooms are furnished for the accommodation of the students in the Seminary building, with all the necessary articles of furniture, excepting bed-clothing, free of charge. No charge is made for tuition, or the use of the library. Board is obtained in private families, from \$1 25 to \$1 50 per week. Some aid is afforded by benevolent individuals and associations to indigent students; sufficient, at least, to reduce the price of their board to \$1 per week.

Editors of Religious Newspapers in this and the neighboring states are requested to give this notice an insertion in their columns.

BENNET TYLER,

East Windsor, August 1, 1836.

A STATE TEMPERANCE CONVENTION will be held at Hartford, on Wednesday the 21st day of September next—in compliance with a resolution of the State Society at its last annual meeting.

The several County, Town and other Temperance Societies in the State, are particularly requested to appoint delegates to attend the Convention.

By order of the Executive Committee.

JOHN T. NORTON, Chairman.

All the papers in the State friendly to the above named object, will please insert this notice.

Middlesex County Temperance Society.—The next meeting of this Society will be held at the Congregational Meeting House in North Killingworth, on Tuesday, the 16th inst. Delegates will meet at 11 o'clock, A. M. Public address at 2 o'clock, P. M.

H. WOOSTER, Secretary.

Deep River, August 2, 1836.

Upwards of 50,000/. have been subscribed towards erecting fifty additional churches in London. The Bishop of that city headed the subscription with a donation of 2,000/.

Four thousand copies of hymns in Spanish, to be sung at the opening and close of common schools, have been received from the American Tract Society, by President Santanda of New Grenada and a large portion of them promptly distributed among the schools. The President publicly expresses thanks to the Society in his own name and that of the schools.

E. C. Billde of Philadelphia, has in press and will soon publish a work called *Six Years in the Monasteries of Italy*, containing a view of the manners and customs of the Popish Clergy in Ireland, France, Italy, &c. with

anecdotes and remarks illustrating some of the peculiar doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church, by the Rev. S. J. Mahoney, late a Capuchin Friar of a Convent at Rome.

Dartmouth College have conferred the degree of D. D., on Rev. Rufus Anderson, of Boston, and that of M. D., on Prof. Charles U. Shepard, of this city.

TEMPERANCE NOTICE.

The following resolution was passed unanimously at the last Monthly Meeting of the Temperance Society of the Eastern District of this county, held at North Madison, June 14th, viz:

Resolved, That this Society consider the selling of grain, cider, and other articles, to be manufactured into ardent spirits, an infringement of the pledge of the Temperance Society.

The following resolution was presented to the meeting for consideration, and after some discussion, was ordered to be laid over, to be acted upon at the next monthly meeting, *to be held at NORTH BRANFORD, Tuesday 23d of August instant*: *Resolved*, That this Society consider it indispensable to the success of the Temperance cause, that its members give their custom in trade to such stores as are on the Temperance principles.

WILLIAM K. TOWNSEND, Sec.

MARRIED.

At Wiscasset, on the 24th ult., John Paine, Esq., of Thomaston, to Mrs. Ann Bright, of Boston. The above couple are now more than seventy years of age. Upwards of fifty years ago they were betrothed, but by some fortuitous circumstances their union was prevented. Since that time they have each been married twice, and never have seen each other till the day previous to their wedding.

On the 16th July, at Pensacola, by the Rev. S. C. Ives, Alexander James Dallas, Commander of the U. States Squadron in the West Indies, to Mary Byrd, daughter of Byrd C. Willis, Esq., of Virginia.

DIED.

At Mendon, N. Y., Dr. Orson Osborn, formerly of Suffield, Con., aged about 40.

At Warehouse point, on the 20th July, Chancy Moore, son of Origin Moore, formerly of Granby, Ct., aged 22. Editors of papers, generally, are requested to notice the above.

At Ashford, Westford Society, July 4th, Mr. Amariah White, aged 75 years;—a revolutionary pensioner.

In Richfield, Ohio, of billious fever, Rev. David L. Coe, aged 40 years, formerly pastor of the Church in Charlestown.

On the 17th ult., at the White Sulphur Springs, Va., aged 40 years, Mrs. Catherine Devereux, wife of Thomas P. Devereux, Esq., of Raleigh, N. C.

At his seat, near Salisbury, Eng., aged 49 years, the Right Hon. Gen. Nelson, nephew of the hero of Trafalgar. He succeeded in his titles by his eldest son, Viscount Trafalgar, now in his 10th year.

In Montpelier, Vt., after a short illness, Timothy Merrill, Esq., Secretary of State, aged 55.

In Thomasville, Thomas Co., Geo., July 19, Moses Rolph, A. B., a native of Massachusetts, and a graduate of the University of Vermont at Burlington, in 1822.

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